

An ANSWER to Unconstant WILLIAM,

OR,
The Young-man's Resolution to pay the young Lasses in their own Coins.

Tune is, *Here I love, there I love, &c.*

Licensed according to Order,



I Am a batch Bachelor, a ty and young,
Who courts the young Wai'ds with a flatter'ing tongue,
I kiss and I squeeze them agen and agen,
And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.

There's Bridget, Mary Susan, young Nancy and Nell,
To each of these Lasses fine Stanzas I tell;
Soft Kisses I give them, a hundred and ten,
And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.

From times to the Tavern with Betty, I go,
And like a true Lover much kindness I show;
I kiss, nay I hug and I cuddle her then,
And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.

From times a young Widow I happen to meet,
I tell her with smiles that her love I do treat;
At her rich Treasures I do gape and stare,
And vow I will Marry'd, but I know not when.

So long as she lures me with Silver and Gold,
A thousand sweet Charms in her Eyes I behold;
I kiss, and I hug, and I make much of her then,
And vow I will Marry, but I know not when.

So soon as her Creature begins to decay,
I wish it high time to be packing away,
Now if she calls after me, I answer her then,
That we will be Marry'd, but I know not when.

Last Week I did walk to the Royal Exchange,
And here amongst Lasses my lance I do range;
I kiss'd out one, and I promis'd her then,
That we should be Marry'd, but I know not when.

Lord Cravats and Ruffles as Presents she gave,
To do her young Lover with gallant and brave;
With large promises I promis'd her then,
That we would be marry'd, but I know not when.

She came to my Chamber one night, and no more,
I taught her a Dance which she ne'er knew before;
Now this being ended, I promis'd her then,
That we would be marry'd, but I know not when.

I from the lewd Bar-ones that Trade up and down,
To pick up a Living all over the Town,
I have pretty Lasses did the large and ten,
To whom I vow'd marry'g, but I know not when.

To sixteen young Chamber-maids (one I express),
Who goes in their Coward, that deitate dress;
Love-Letters and Sonnets to them I do Pen,
And swear I will marry, but I know not when.

There's twenty young Nursery Wai'ds in the Strand,
Who every minute are at my Command;
But here I live merrily, telling 'em then,
That I will be marry'd, but I know not when.

Each pretty fair Creature, it's very well known,
Will think her self blest to have one of her own;
At which I saluting, a sword I do then,
That we will be marry'd, but I know not when.

Sometimes from the City of London I ride,
Through many fair Counties to seek me a Wai'd;
The Country pretty Girls I choose then,
And swear I will marry, but I know not when.

If any one has a desire to know
What may be the reason I live thus so,
Young Wai'ds are seven times fairer than Men,
Therefore I will marry, but I know not when.

I once lov'd a Damsel as dear as my life,
I lov'd her, and thought to have made her my wife;
But she prov'd a Scam on to all sorts of Men,
Therefore I will marry, but I know not when.

FINIS.

Printed for G. Bates, next door to the Crown Tavern
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